

International Cowgirl

Bradley Stoke



If your intention was to escape the roar of the crowd packed into the giant stadium, the best place to be probably wasn't the changing rooms. But this was the only place Lulu knew where she could find any degree of privacy. Of course, she wasn't the only one collapsed head-down on a wooden bench, her arms draped over her knees and hands dangling loosely down. Women from events other than hers were slumped in a similar state of post-performance blues. Unsurprisingly it was those not celebrating victory who had chosen to hide away for as long as they could from the cameras, the crowds and the all-too-apparent disappointment of the nation they represented and its media.

Even if Lulu had done better than she had, perhaps qualifying for the next and final round, she knew that at the end of it she would still feel a huge weight lift off her that would leave her with a correspondingly huge void in her life. It wasn't just winning, of course. It was also participating and she did have the honour of being one of the two representatives Kenya had entered for the event: as many as Russia, the United States and China, not to mention the more formidable competition from Tanzania, South Africa and Nigeria. In recent years, it was the African nations that had excelled at the International Cowgirl event and so expectations and standards were very high. All of which was scarce consolation to Lulu for having let down her nation so badly in the contest.

Well, not so badly that she had come last, although it was mostly competitors from the Middle East and Europe whose scores Lulu had bettered. And worse than not having qualified for the next round was that Lulu had come nowhere near her personal best. Even in the contest against her own standards, she had not excelled. She'd

expected to score higher than, at the very least, Argentina and Turkey, but here she was, the first of the Kenyans to be eliminated: destined now to be only the smallest footnote in the history of the International Cowgirl.

She knew, even before the judges presented their score-boards, that she hadn't quite done it. At least the Venezuelan judge had given her a nine but the other scores were a scattering of sevens and eights. Not nearly good enough. Particularly when her fellow Kenyan, Ghatoni, had scored mostly nines and that was with the same male partner as Lulu. Chilemba couldn't be blamed for failing her, although she still felt that he'd let her down slightly when his prick slipped out of her vagina at the crucial change of posture to full reverse cowgirl: her feet placed on his knees, ankles in and toes out, and upper body supported by her hands clutching his shoulders. It was a difficult manoeuvre, but one Lulu really should have handled better. She ought to have been more sensitive to the relative size of Chilemba's penis and her vulva's grip on its glans. But it was more the cumulative effect, not just the small slip, which had lowered her tally. As her coach told her when she sat on the bench, listening to the scores, it was her apparent lack of genuine enthusiasm and sexual excitement that most told against her. She was technically proficient, he had to admit, but she was losing that unfeigned zest for sex that distinguished the very best cowgirls. Her anal had been almost mechanical and the final facial was very nearly perfunctory. The top sexual athletes don't just have the ability to demonstrate their skill, they have to show that they enjoy it as well.

Lulu knew what he meant. Ghatoni was a world-class squirter and that tiny Japanese woman who did surprisingly well for her country orgasmed, yelled and

screamed more than most other contestants put together. Who ever said that oriental women hid their emotions?

She sat naked with her coach for what seemed like forever: first trembling with anticipation at what her score might be and then shivering with shame and disappointment after the announcement had boomed across the stadium. She didn't know where she should look, although her eyes were invariably drawn to that section of the terraces where the African, and most specifically the Kenyan, fans were sitting. Those huge banners with her name on them had all been in vain. Lulu had indeed fucked for Nairobi, taken pearls of semen on her face for the Swahili nation and pumped Chilemba as dry as she could. But, after all the exertion, screened live over all Africa and the world, she had failed.

At first she couldn't be certain. The score-cards shimmered and blurred in front of her sweat-strewn eyes. The scores were first announced in German as befitting the host nation of the Sex Olympics, a language Lulu didn't speak. It was only when the announcement was then made in English that Lulu could be sure. And then, with the eyes of the world on her, and her face collapsing in misery, the scores were repeated in French, Spanish, Arabic and Chinese.

She was a failure.

All that time, ten minutes in all, where she'd been fucking for the pride of her nation and more than that, the months, even years, of practise for this day, all had come to nothing. In living rooms and bars and offices throughout Nairobi and Kenya, all eyes had been on her, watching her akimbo on Chilemba's chest and knees, his penis thrusting inside, and her shaved crotch close-up and magnified as she reciprocated her

partner's thrusts with her own sexual rhythm. That was to have been her moment of glory. Now it was over. And people would not now remember the skill by which she transferred the penis from vagina to anus, the way she balanced so precariously on her partner, the talent of taking all the semen into her mouth and swallowing it, and her history of winning competitions in Kenya and Africa that had culminated in these ten minutes of international exposure. No. What they would remember was that solid, unremarkable score and Lulu's crumpled expression of despair and defeat that filled the massive screens of the stadium.

And what future lay ahead of her? Would Lulu enter competitions in the future? Did she even have the courage to do so? Or would she take a career in film or television where her cowgirl skills had prepared her well, although she had no acting ability? She certainly didn't have a life of marriage, children and domesticity to retire to. Even if that was what she wanted. Up to now it had all been clear. Her ambition was to become the best cowgirl in the world. An International Cowgirl who would be spoken about for generations. Now she'd come as far as she could and there was no further to go. What could she do now?

Lulu felt a comforting arm embrace her shoulder and a cheek press against her arm. "Don't worry, Lulu," said Ducha, who was Kenya's contestant in the 300 man marathon and was still in training. "You did well just to get this far and you know it!"

Lulu looked at her friend, her closest friend during the Munich Sex Olympics, and smiled as bravely as she could. She knew Ducha had grave doubts that she'd even do as well as Lulu. Ever since the Tokyo Anal Marathon where she'd had to bow out due to exhaustion and a possible urinary infection, she had lost much of the self-

confidence that kept her going onto the critical two hundredth or two hundred and fiftieth fuck. She'd probably need as much reassurance from Lulu as she was now giving her compatriot.

"I know! I know!" said Lulu, finally giving vent to tears and burying her face in the comforting cushion of Ducha's exceptional bosom. "But knowing that doesn't somehow make it any better. All those months of practise. All that careful diet and exercise in the gym. All the men who've fucked me..."

"...And not just men!" Ducha reminded Lulu with a squeeze on her shoulders.

"Well, you certainly helped when Takata let me down that time," said Lulu graciously. "And your husband, Elewa, has been helpful while we've been here..."

"I'm only grateful I could help."

"I only wish I could have helped you in the same way," Lulu said through a nose full of snot.

"There are not many sexual athletes lucky enough to have understanding husbands or partners," said Ducha. "In any case, Elewa needed to get as much exercise as he could for the Three-Way event. He said you were equal to two women at once. And he certainly knows all about that!"

"I'm glad I could have been of assistance, though there's not much cowgirl in the Three-Way. Hardly more than a minute or so. And it's strictly optional."

"Elewa has always enjoyed cowgirl, especially the anal variety," said Ducha. "You don't have to think he was only doing it for you."

Lulu nodded but she would have preferred it if some man *had* done it only for her. Of all the sexual partners she had, not just in the stadium but elsewhere, not one of

them had ever done it just for her. For all her skill at love-making, all her enthusiasm at fucking and all her athletic prowess, she had never properly filled that emotional cavity in her love-life.

It wasn't until the following day that Lulu again had time that could be called her own. Before then, she was interviewed by newspapers, magazines, and radio and television stations from not only Kenya but from all over Africa. None, of course, from outside the continent and only one from North Africa. And none of these interviews, brief though they were, made her feel any better. How *did* she feel? How disappointed *was* she? What *were* her plans for the future? The bland answers she gave were all a shield behind which Lulu struggled to work out for herself what she really thought and what she should do.

The fact she was spared the need for further practise didn't make it any easier. A mindless fuck where she could concentrate her energies on technique and presentation would actually have been quite welcome. Instead, she had to join the rest of the Kenyan delegation in congratulating those who had done better than she, were destined for better things, and for whom there was still a chance for bronze, silver or even gold. It was difficult to wholeheartedly wish the best to others when you knew that you had no chance to emulate their glory. Lulu's sympathies, in truth, went to those, like her, who had already tasted all the glory they were likely to have and were also disappointed in what they'd achieved.

Failure makes strange bedfellows. She found herself chatting with Annouchka from the Ukrainian team who'd also competed in the cowgirl event and had scored rather worse than Lulu thanks, it seemed, to a sore ankle. She also passed words with

Lars, a Norwegian who had failed to ejaculate on more than two of his partners in the Multiple Anal event. But it was Ducha who received most of Lulu's attention. She was exhausted from her practise sessions with a mere twenty men and was worried that she'd flag before even the first one hundred in the coming marathon. And it was inevitable that Lulu should spend the night with Ducha while her husband was practising anal with a male contestant in another bed.

And now she was alone at last, she was restless and fidgety. She didn't intend to dwell on her performance of the previous day, but she was drawn to pick at it like a sore scab or scratch it like an itch. Soon she was replaying on the official Sex Olympics site the footage of her part in the International Cowgirl event, together with the critical commentary provided by the BBC.

It was peculiar, of course, to see herself as others saw her. Her legs were apart. Her shaved crotch faced the camera. All that could be seen of Chilemba was his testicles and the shaft of his penis thrusting in and out of her vagina. She was naked, of course, as was required for such events. Clothing, shoes or even make-up was not considered appropriate for a sporting event. That sort of thing was more appropriate for beauty contests, porn shows or videos than for a serious-minded competition like the Tenth International Sex Olympics.

Nevertheless, watching the footage of her performance, again and again and yet again, only reinforced Lulu's sense of utter worthlessness. If all she was good for in life was to position herself above a man's prick and let it thrust into her, what value was there to her life at all? She was almost agreeing with those from her college in Nairobi and, of course, her parents and family, who told her she was stupid to put all

her efforts into cowgirl sex and to abandon a promising but dull career in the Civil Service. If all those years of effort, exercise and semen-swallowing were to culminate only in this—to feel wretched and miserable in a hotel room in Munich—what then had the point of it all been?

Eventually, it became too much for Lulu. She decided to leave the hotel and the accompanying stadium grounds and mooch around Munich. After so many days and nights of constant nudity, it was hard enough even to find any clothes, let alone decide which ones to wear, but she put on a modest tee-shirt and jeans, with black trainers, to look as plain as she could. And, of course, as little as possible like a sexual athlete.

Even with her street map, it was easy to get lost in the city. There were sufficiently many black faces that Lulu attracted rather less attention than would a white face in Nairobi. She enjoyed walking anonymously through the city. If only they knew that she was one of those who everyone was excitedly watching on television screens in bars, restaurants and living rooms. Would anyone recognise her? Probably not, since most of her that had been displayed to the German nation had been her nether orifices and when her face was displayed it was mostly obscured by an ejaculating penis.

Lulu soon tired of wandering the streets, gazing in shops and standing at traffic lights. She needed to rest her feet and where better than at a Starbucks, of which she was pleased there was at least one in Munich. Here she could be certain of a reasonably comfortable place to sit. She got her coffee, handed over a ten Euro note and received the change: a transaction conducted in English. It seemed that everyone in Germany spoke a few words.

However, she wasn't to be quite as solitary as she hoped. The armchair she sat in was by a table shared with a lanky young man who recognised her when he turned his head, even though Lulu couldn't place him.

“It's Lulu Chenebe, isn't it?” he said in English, but lightly accented by his native German tongue. “I hardly recognised you with your clothes on.” He studied Lulu quizzically, while she wondered how she might tactfully move to another table. “You don't recognise *me* though, do you? It's Joachim. I'm one of the Press Officers for the International Sex Olympics Committee.”

“Oh. Joachim,” said Lulu, still not sure whether she wanted to stay sitting where she was. “So it is.”

“I was with you all yesterday afternoon,” Joachim continued, “helping you with the media.”

“Oh yes,” said Lulu, remembering him at last. It was dreadful to admit but white people often looked the same to her, especially the blond, tall variety you found in Germany. “You were the one who made sure I only got to see one journalist at a time.”

“That's my job,” said Joachim, pleased to have been recognised. “I was assigned to the East African nations for the Cowgirl and Anal events. You have to speak Portuguese and English to do that.” He tactfully lowered his voice. “I was sorry you didn't do better in the International Cowgirl event.”

Lulu nodded. “Thank you,” she said, not sure what else to say.

“The competition was very tough,” Joachim continued. “That Japanese girl was something else, wasn't she?”

“She was,” said Lulu, becoming suddenly very tired of the conversation.

However, Joachim was sensitive enough to realise that it was not a good idea to continue rubbing at a sore wound.

“What do you think of Munich?” he asked, changing the subject.

“I don’t really know the city at all,” Lulu admitted. “I have seen so little of it from the hotel and the stadium. It’s only now, after the competition, that I can see the city. I return to Nairobi in only two days time.”

“Well,” said Joachim, “if you have nothing better to do, I will be very pleased to show you around the city.” He smiled as engagingly as he could. “What time do you have to be back at the hotel?”

Lulu wasn’t sure she wanted to ever be back amongst her fellow sex athletes and be reminded of her failure. She was sure that either or both of Habiba and Zakiya would win a medal for Kenya in their events—especially Habiba who was entered for both Double Penetration and Synchronised Hand Jobs, and was known for her unshakeable cheerfulness and her facility at multiple orgasm. So, Lulu decided to tag along with Joachim for the afternoon, let him be her guide and put off the time until she needed to return to the hotel.

It was obvious that Joachim knew exactly what might well be in store for him as a reward for entertaining a sex athlete. After all, Lulu made love to several men in a normal day’s practise and substantially more during competitions. Lulu had no real intention of disappointing him, although she was sure his penis would be relatively unremarkable after those of her fellow athletes. She’d only made love to a handful of white men in her life and these had all been in the course of her chosen sport. They

were a strange novelty with regards to skin colour, but there wasn't much else different to them. Certainly in a competition, a white penis had the advantage of showing up more clearly against her skin, but there weren't very many White Kenyans who competed at the international level.

It was difficult for Lulu to view Joachim as anything other than male meat to be consumed later, however charming he was. She was amused by his enthusiasm for his city as he explained in great detail how the German people attached huge significance to the homes of their birth. "As you do, no doubt, in Kenya," he said diplomatically. Perhaps, Lulu thought, but not in quite the sickly sentimental way the Germans seemed to do. She found his stories about his job as a Press Officer quite diverting, gratified that his role wasn't just for the Sex Olympics but for political and cultural events as well. Nonetheless, whenever Lulu caught Joachim's eye she could see that behind his smile and his politeness there was a sexual desire for her body that he must have thought, having seen her fuck in front of the world's cameras, would surely be more easily accessible to him than that of the average German fraulein.

Lulu let Joachim entertain her with a meal in an Italian restaurant, quite happy not to patake of the unpleasant looking dishes that the Germans enjoyed. She smiled as the wine he drank made him rather more inebriated than Lulu allowed herself to be. In truth, she wasn't really listening to very much of what he had to say which, like for most men, tended to be about the things that he liked doing, the things that he liked reading about and the things that he wanted to do in the future. Men were pretty much the same everywhere. Perhaps that's why Lulu had never wanted to burden herself with a man in her life. Not that she preferred women, although she had no objection to

making love to them on occasion.

Lulu's thoughts returned to the competition. As she studied the strange twisted shape of the pasta in her bowl, she wondered whether she was right to feel so desolate about her failure to win a medal for her country. After all, it had been an achievement just to have got so far. Most women could never reach the level in their chosen sport as she had. Whatever else she might be—not being the champion cowgirl in the world or even the best in her country—she had at least attained a level of excellence far beyond that of most people. And perhaps now, before she was too old, was a good time for her to drop her sport, be content to be Nairobi's second best cowgirl, after Ghatoni. And then what? Marriage?

Having sex with Joachim decided for Lulu that marriage was a proposition that didn't appeal to her. He was a very ordinary fuck. There was hardly more than five minutes until he ejaculated, thankfully into the condom he insisted on wearing (though after all the health and drug checks there were few people in the world as certifiably clean as the contestants in the Tenth International Sex Olympics). However, Lulu was grateful to be sleeping in a different bed for the night even if Joachim took more than half the duvet. Outside the flat she could hear the normal sounds of a city, which after the unreal silence of the hotel room, punctuated by the over-enthusiastic orgasmic shrieks of other contestants, was a reminder of a less competitive world.

“So, will I see you again?” Joachim asked anxiously the following morning.

He was still naked and looked a sorry figure in comparison to the men Lulu most usually had sex with. His chest was thin, his muscles were lean but scarcely impressive, and his penis was probably just below average size, which, compared to

most men Lulu fucked, was rather small. He did have a friendly face and it was clear that for him, although not for Lulu, this was a night of sexual pleasure he'd always remember.

Lulu wondered as she evaded his question whether this was how prostitutes handled their tricks. They might make vague reassuring remarks, but regard the business of sex not as a romantic, sensual affair but as something quite different. Perhaps for Lulu it wasn't so much a business transaction, although having sex was what she did for a living, but it certainly lacked any deeper meaning.

“Where were you last night?” Ducha asked when Lulu returned to the hotel in the late afternoon. “I looked for you everywhere. I so wanted to sleep with you last night.”

“You did?” asked Lulu, actually quite flattered by her friend’s concern.

“It’s only one day to the marathon,” Ducha said. “I’m so anxious. I’ve been wondering whether I should risk the drugs tests and take something for my stamina. What do you think?”

Lulu held her friend’s hand. “It’s not worth it,” she said. “If you win a medal you’ll be tested automatically. If you get caught by random tests, you’ll shame your country, our country, unnecessarily.”

Ducha kissed Lulu’s lips. “You’re *so* wise, Lulu. It *is* going to be an awfully tiring contest. The last time I did a 300 man marathon, I was out of action for weeks. Elewa was *very* put out.”

Lulu couldn’t help wondering why Ducha had chosen an event that she evidently didn’t really enjoy, but in the process she found herself questioning whether

she relished her own sport any more.

“Don’t worry, Ducha,” she said. “As I don’t have any more training to do, I’ll watch you during the marathon. *I’ll be cheering you on.*”

“Oh, thank you! Thank you. It gets ever so lonely. So few people watch the contest all the way through. Even the invigilators change shift during the event.”

Lulu had worries of her own and she really wanted to broach them with her friend.

“Tell me, Ducha,” she asked in a serious tone. “What should *I* do now?”

“What? I don’t know. Have a shower. Watch a few events.”

“No, not this minute. What should I do in the future? Should I continue to compete as International Cowgirl?”

“Why shouldn’t you?”

“I’ll never ever achieve a higher rating than I have here. I’ll never represent my country again. I’ve failed to win a medal.”

Ducha could see the earnestness of Lulu’s concern. She held Lulu tight to her chest and kissed her tenderly about the cheeks and lips.

“I’m so pleased you chose me to confide in. You want to give up your sport? Is that it?”

“Yes,” said Lulu.

“And what do you want to do instead?”

“That’s just it. I don’t know.”

Ducha detached herself from Lulu and held onto her only by her hands.

“It’s not easy being an athlete. But not being an athlete after having competed

at such a high level isn't going to be easy either."

"So what should I do?"

Ducha crumpled her face in agonised contemplation. She clearly did not know what to say.

At last she shook her head.

"It's the sex that's the problem. It's not like you can have sex like a normal person while you do it as a sport. I don't know the answer, but I would try having sex with people who are not in the sports world and then decide."

Lulu nodded her head. "I've done that."

"And what do you think?"

Lulu considered. Her love-life with sex athletes had spoilt her. Could she really abandon regular and ecstatic sex with men who were at the very peak of their profession? Would she exchange it for sex with men like Joachim? Was the alternative to being a sex athlete to accept a level of mediocrity in her sex-life she'd not known in many years?

"It's a difficult decision," said Lulu, reflecting on the fact that the longer she remained a sex athlete, the longer she'd continue to enjoy sex at the highest level. "I'll have to think about it. It may take a while until I'm absolutely sure."